

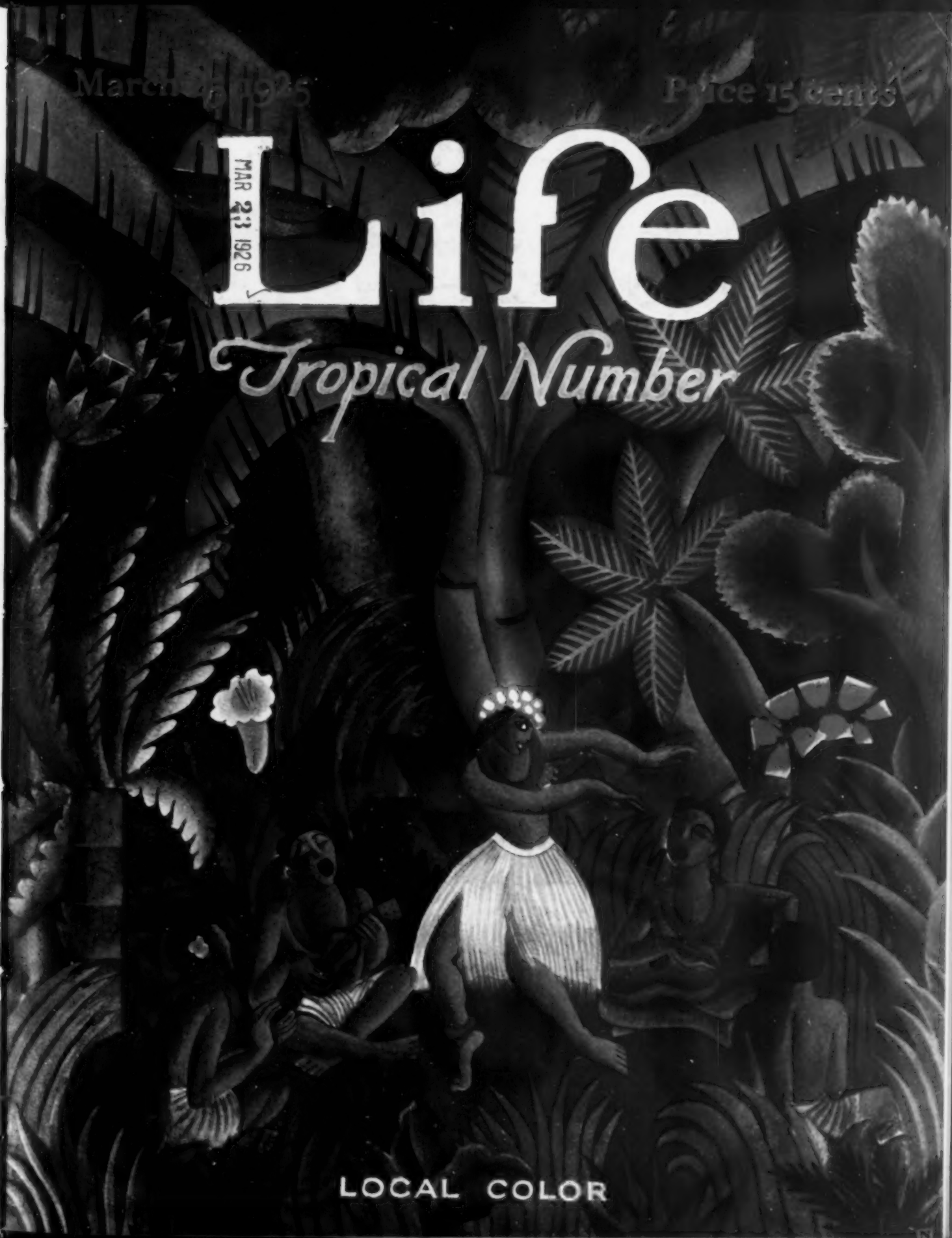
March 23, 1926

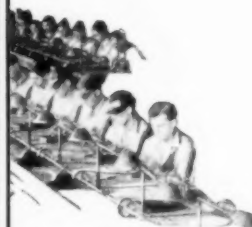
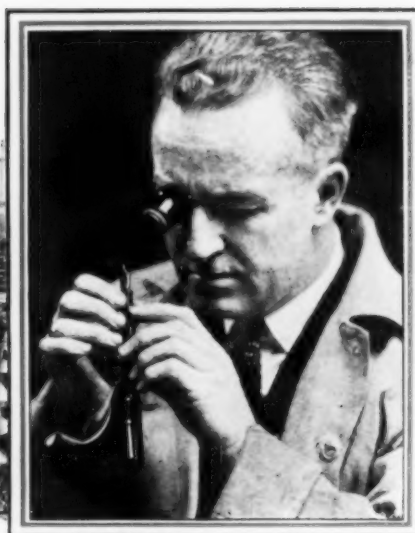
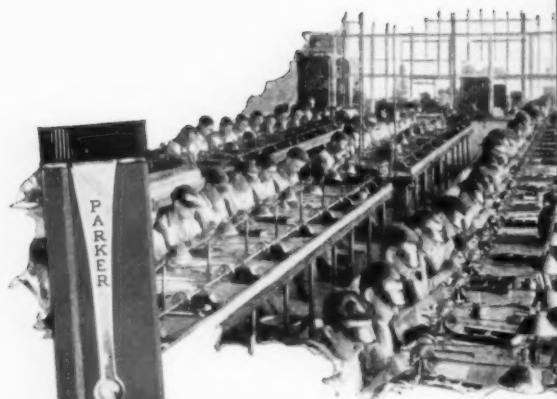
Price 15 cents

Life

Tropical Number

LOCAL COLOR





Red and Black
Color Combination
Reg. Trade Mark
U. S. Pat. Office

This Man's Word Is Law

*Every Parker Duofold must be O. K. with him
to be O. K. for You*

Hence, virtually a hand-picked product—five times inspected and writing-tested

With Point Guaranteed for 25 Years

THIS man is the Chief Inspector in the Parker Pen Plant—his judgment of a pen's perfection is final.

He and his corps of critical inspectors pass on each pen with as much fidelity as if they were paid by our pen patrons.

This infinite care costs us heavily in more ways than one. And you cannot expect such excellence of any other pen in existence.

But in making a Parker we look at that pen through the eyes of the person who wants it to use.

He expects it to glide with inspiring balance and smoothness whenever he writes a line—today or 25 years hence.

He expects the barrel to fit his hand—he does not expect to cramp his fingers to fit the barrel. He expects it to hold enough ink for long periods of writing; to remain Ink-Tight; to fill conveniently; and to yield to any style of writing, yet retain its original point regardless.

Because Parker Duofold fulfills all these expectations it is now the largest selling pen in the world.

A beauty to carry—a hard pen to mislay—a man's own color that women, too, admire. Good pen counters wouldn't be without it. Stop at the nearest and choose your point—Extra-Fine, Fine, Medium, Broad, Stub, or Oblique.

Parker
Over-size
Duofold
\$7



Parker Duofold Pencils to match the Pens:
Lady Duofold, \$3; Over-size Jr., \$3.50; "Big Brother" Over-size, \$4

Parker
Duofold ^{OVER-SIZE} **\$7**
With Lucky Curve Feed and 25 Year Point

Duofold Jr. \$5
Intermediate size

Lady Duofold \$5
With ring for chatelaine

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY • JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES: NEW YORK CHICAGO ATLANTA SAN FRANCISCO TORONTO, CANADA LONDON, ENGLAND



PACKARD

adopts

The Budd-Michelin Wheel

NEWS ITEM . . . Budd-Michelin All-Steel Wheels are now standard equipment on all models of the Packard . . . both Six and Eight

The All-Steel Wheel with an exclusive *convex* form that increases resilience

—that gives the brakes better protection against mud and water and dust

—that hides the brakes from view

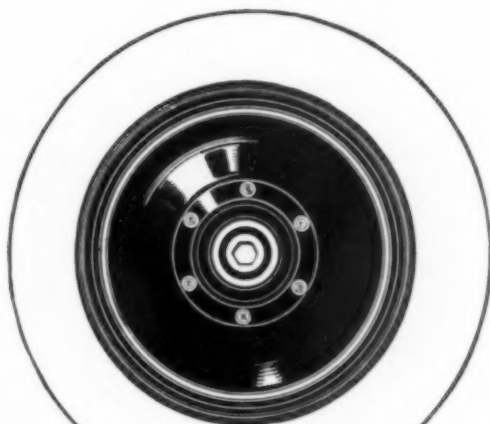
A demountable wheel—one minute to expose a brake for adjustment—three

minutes to change to the spare tire carried on the *extra* wheel in the rear. No rims to remove. Just a few turns on the self-locking nuts at the hub.

A safe wheel—it can't collapse in collisions.

A clean and beautiful wheel, streamlined—an aristocrat, like the rest of the car.

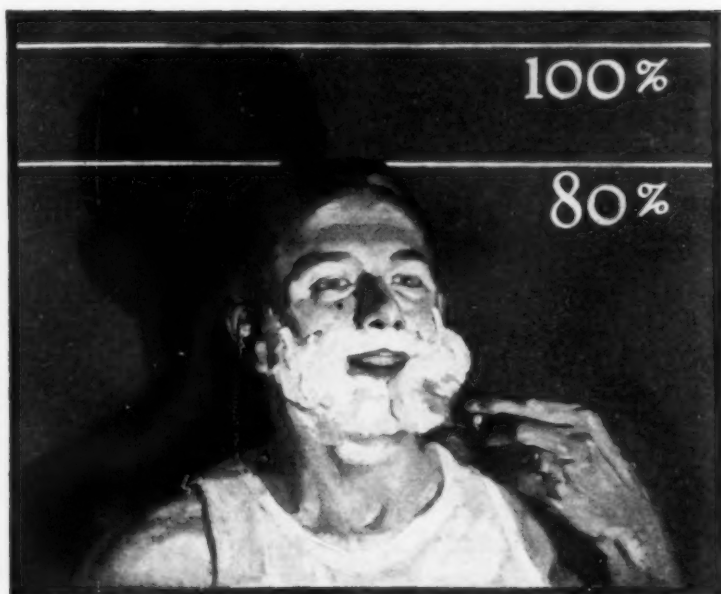
Budd-Michelin Wheels . . . the last step in making the motor car completely modern



BUDD

WHEEL COMPANY
Detroit and Philadelphia

"Goodbye, buggy wheels"



We win 80 out of every 100 men to this unique creation

Say the Word

And we'll send you a 10-day tube of this unique shaving cream to try

(NOTE COUPON BELOW)

GENTLEMEN:—

The way we win new customers to Palmolive Shaving Cream is by giving men a 10-day tube to try.

In less than five years we've gained top place in that way.

95% of the men answering our ads are wedded to other kinds of shaving soap. Yet we win 80 out of every 100 to this unique creation.

It's different from any other shaving cream known. 60 years of soap study stand behind it. We have tried out 130 different formulas in perfecting it.

It embodies the four great essentials 1000 men told us they wanted in a shaving cream, plus a fifth that we ourselves found and added.

5 Important features

You'll find it superior in at least five major ways:

- 1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
- 2—Softens the beard in one minute.
- 3—Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
- 4—Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
- 5—Fine after effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Find Out

What we tell you is based on what we as expert soap makers know. One of our toilet soaps, Palmolive, is the leading toilet soap of the world.

Now in courtesy to us, will you accept a test of our shaving cream; give us the opportunity to prove the claims millions make for it?

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of shaving cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.



Irresistible

WHEN he entered my office he didn't offer to give me two dollars in payment of my time if I felt he had wasted it.

"I am a book agent," he announced, quietly and without hesitation. "It is quite likely that you won't be the least bit interested in what I am trying to sell you."

"Sit down," I invited. "I'll give you just two minutes."

"I am selling the 'Farewell Addresses of Our Vice-Presidents' in six bound volumes. I haven't read them myself, but most people find them deadly bore-some. However..."

"Yes?" I was growing interested.

"They help to fill up the book-case. Since you'll rarely read them, you'll never have to search the house for them, or accuse your wife of mislaying them while cleaning. And besides..."

"Go on, go on," I urged.

"They're fine to threaten the children with. Imagine—six pages of compulsory reading in 'Farewell Addresses of Our Vice-Presidents!' It'll make an angel out of any child."

"But what do I get, free, if I order them?"

"Nothing. No set of short stories—no volumes on 'How to Be a Success' by people you never heard of—no combination offers of any kind."

"And the terms?"

"Cash—forty dollars. Not thirty-nine dollars and ninety-five cents. No time payments of any kind. You see, we feel—but my two minutes are up. Would you care to look over an order blank?"

Dazed, I nodded. He produced the blank. It was not a closely printed, legal-looking document. It read simply: "I hereby order a set of 'Farewell Addresses of Our Vice-Presidents' for \$40."

"I don't carry a fountain pen," he said, "but you probably have one if you care to order the books."

Then, as I hesitated, he added, slightly raising his voice:

"And you will note that the space in which we ask you to attach your signature HAS NO DOTTED LINE. You are not a moron. You can sign your name without the guidance of..."

But he got no further. My signature was already on the blank.

L. C. Beutel.

Fairy Story

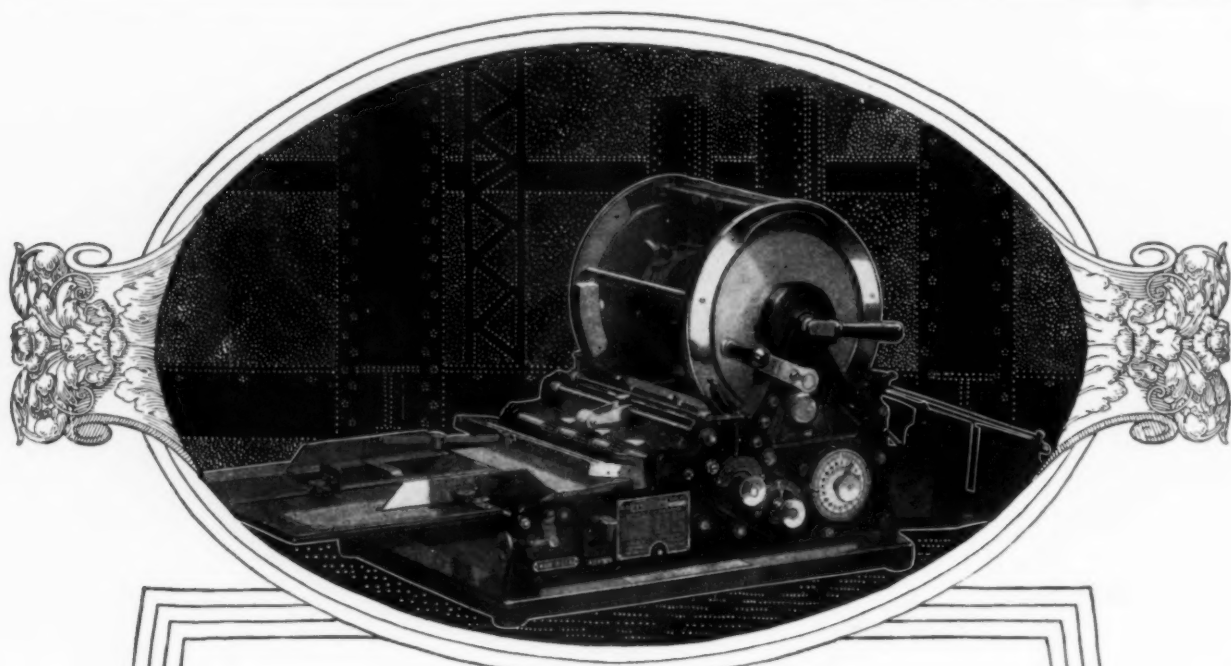
ONCE there was a Public Building estimated to cost \$2,567,932.08. In time it was completed and it cost \$2,567,932.08, and not a cent less.

"MANY happy returns," said the savage, as he handed the cannibal king a boomerang for a birthday present.



"Your car certainly rides a lot easier than mine, but don't you find that balloon tires wear out faster than cords?"

"Not these; they're Kelly-Springfields."



BIG BUILDING

It is apparent to everyone who thinks, that many businesses fail to grow big because the men who run them cut their patterns too small. They fail to see the necessity of including within their schemes of operation the tools of success. The Mimeograph has played an important part in the growth of many of the remarkable successes of America. Some of Industry's most important activities would not have been practical without its help. It is the incomparable duplicator of all kinds of letters, forms, blanks, diagrams, etc., doing its work at high speed and low cost. Thousands of fine imprints it turns out hourly, under private supervision, and with no particular skill needed for its operation. Let booklet "W-3," which will be sent on request to A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, show you how it has helped others to build in a big way.

M I M E O G R A P H



Tropical Tour No. 1

"SWEPT by gentle zephyrs laden with exotic Oriental perfumes, delicate and intriguing." (The lack of modern sanitary devices tends to adulterate the breezes at times, but one mustn't be too captious.)

"Where the romantic moon bathes the countryside, weaving an eerie spell that inspires the soul." (It's the same old moon visible to all parts of the globe.)

"Where adventure awaits you around every corner." (Said adventures consisting of trying to dodge scores of greasy beggars.)

"Enjoy long strolls through tropical scenery of magic beauty." (Suits of insect-proof armor can be obtained for this purpose.)

"Listen to the wild, mystic native music." (It sounds even worse than modern jazz, and lasts longer.)



THE PADLOCK ENTHUSIASTS BORROW AN IDEA FROM OUR COLORED COUSINS

"Forget the cares of life amidst luxurious languor." (But remember to take along a complete stock of germicides and medicines.)

Robert Hage.

Past Master

"IS Willard very sophisticated?"

"Yes, he's too sophisticated to pretend he's sophisticated."

I Pity Cain

I PITY Cain. He killed a man and had no alibi.

He couldn't attribute it to his environment, because he lived in a perfect Eden.

There was no one to blame his parents and the poor fellow never studied psychology, and couldn't plead emotional insanity or inhibitions.

There were no lawyers to get him free on a technicality, no judges and courts to delay the penalty.

He got no newspaper publicity, and no mash notes.

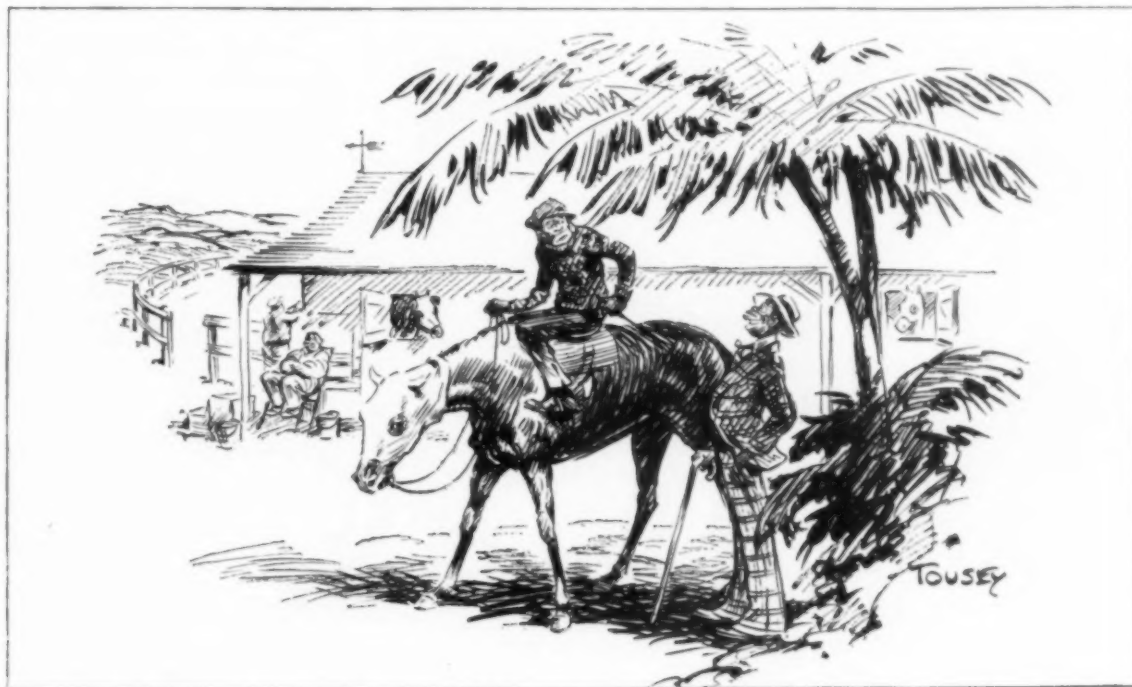
He had no college education, and couldn't have been a "master mind."

He was too early to lay the blame on the War, or the movies, or jazz.

I pity Cain. He killed a man, and had no good excuse to offer God.

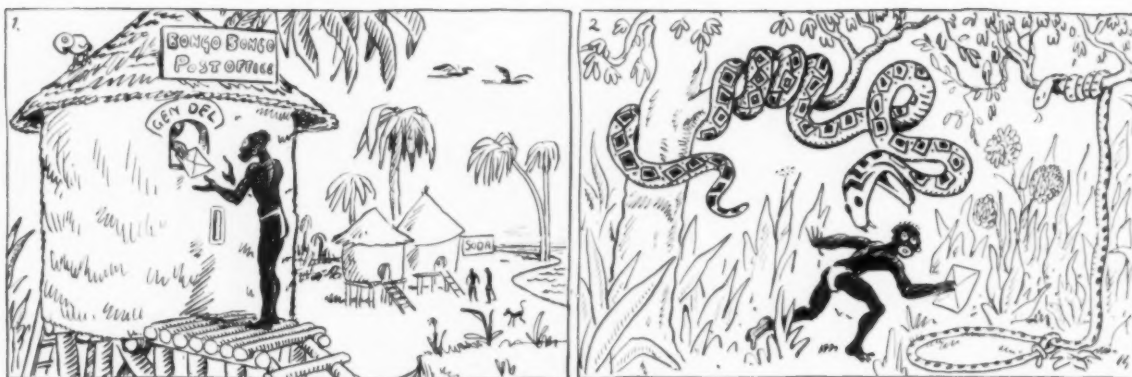
W. L. Werner.

GIRLS now set their kneecaps for men.



Jockey: SAY, NIGGAH! HOLD DE STOP WATCH ON ME WHILE I RUNS DIS GREASED LIGHTNIN' ROUND DE TRACK.

Tout: YO' CAN'T TIME 'AT HORSE WITH NO WATCH, BOY. YO' NEEDS A CALENDAR.



THE EXPLORER'S MAIL—(Continued on Next Page)

Hell—the Gem of the Tropics

DANTE ALIGHIERI, the celebrated traveler and authority on infernal matters, reports that Hell has taken a great change for the better since the formation of the Boosters' Club.

Signor Alighieri writes that on his most recent visit to Hell he was royally entertained at the weekly luncheon of the Club. The quality of the food was forgotten amid the jolly good-fellowship of the members. Paolo Malatesta (who, it will be remembered, was named in the course of the matrimonial troubles of Francesca da Rimini and her husband) gave a brief résumé of the achievements of the club during the preceding year. Signor Malatesta said, in part:

"I can truthfully say that an old resident would hardly recognize Hell as the same place since some of you American boys sold us on the 'Boost—Don't Knock' proposition. You stressed the fact that some of your own towns had been aptly described as 'Hell on Earth' until the Boosters took hold. By merely using the psychology of uplift, having faith in your towns, and believing in their future, you changed the mood of the citizens from discouragement to what I like to call 'Civic Spirit with a Selling Kick,' and you often tripled the value of local real estate.

"I remember well the day when old J. W. ('Stick-to-itive') Thompson sold the Chief on the idea with a straight-from-the-shoulder selling talk. The Chief put on a high-pressure publicity campaign in the Old Country, as we affectionately call it. He got a lot of free space in the papers, and sold Sin to the public chiefly on the Why Not You Slant and the Best People Appeal. His new Deferred Payment Plan pulled big.

"You can see for yourself the results. People are crowding into the old place; there is already a serious shortage of boiling pitch, and the rains of ashes are sharply criticized by newcomers who

used soft coal all winter. We have had to institute an embargo on everything except perishable souls. But these are details. The important thing is that there is a new spirit in Hell. We old-timers used to feel inclined to apologize for the place; now we are proud of it. Our chief problem is to check the smuggling in of envious souls from the Celestial Empire.

"It all shows what boosting can do. Now, boys, all together; let's sing the Boosters' Song:

*I want to go to-night
To the fields of anthracite,
In dear old Hell I'll always dwell;
Like all loyal hellions
I'll start no rebellions,
But boost, boost, boost for
H—E—DOUBLE L—HELL!"*

Morris Bishop.



ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY

"WHEN ALL THE WORLD SEEMS DARK—WHEN FORTUNE PLAYS
YOU FALSE—WHEN EVEN YOUR BEST FRIENDS WON'T TELL YOU...
BE NONCHALANT—LIGHT A DEITY!"

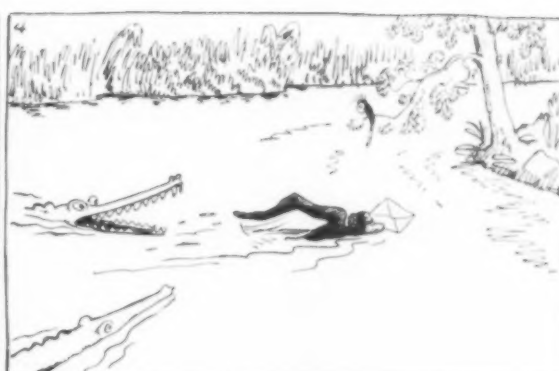
On with the Milking

SHE: Oh, I do just love cows, don't you? They're so gentle and sweet. Why, even their breath is sweet!

HE: But have you noticed how seldom they're asked to dance?

CHURCHES to Help the Stage Reform, says a headline. While this commendable improvement is under way, why not make it a fifty-fifty proposition?

CONTRIBUTORS' Columns—the right-hand side of income tax blanks.



THE EXPLORER'S MAIL—(Continued on Next Page)

Song of Florida and Her 58,666 Square Miles

(NOTE: Poets bidding for the prize in the Florida State-song contest are cautioned by the judges not to forget Florida's lesser-known places.)

WHEN I've had my fill of dear old Coral Gables
And old Miami's fair but noisy mart,
I like to pull away for a quiet little day
In Florida that's closest to my heart.
Pronunciation isn't everything,
And a place is often nicer than it sounds,
And that's the reason why when I bid Palm Beach good-by
I like to make my way, by leaps and bounds—

CHORUS:

Down the Caloosahatchee River
With its banks of emerald brakes
And into Istokpoga
And other lovely lakes:
Okechobee, Kissimmee,
Tohopekaliga too,
Where the alligators frivel
And the lizards bill and coo;
Take me back to dear Chipola,
And old Okefinokee,
Where my mammy eats a grapefruit
As she sits and pines for me!

Edward Anthony.

From a Club Chair

I FEAR this club is losing its taste for
literature; I haven't heard a snore
in the library for almost a week.

Infernal vigilance is the price he is
paying for success; there seems to be
no rest, either, for the wary.

I am afraid the younger generation
has become convinced that virtue is its
only reward.

J. K. M.

ADD similes: As tame as the wild
animals in a slapstick comedy.

A Perfect Program

"SUPPOSE," began the wise young bridegroom, "that
we get a lumber firm's figures on bungalows."

"Yes," she sighed, rapturously.

"Then drop in on a few real estate dealers and see their
plans. Then inspect half a dozen places for sale."

"Oh, John!" she cried.

"And then," concluded the very wise young man, "after
we've had all the fun out of it, we can lease a small apart-
ment and put the money into a nice new car."

"You are an angel," breathed the blushing bride.

James A. Sanaker.



WILD INDIANS ON THE SEMINOLE TRAIL

First Bride: WELL, HOW HAVE YOU ENJOYED YOUR HONEYMOON IN PALM BEACH?
Second Sophisticate: ENORMOUSLY! FRED AND I HAVE FOUND SO MANY NEW
THINGS TO QUARREL ABOUT.



/ NORMAN LIND.

VISIONS

Reverend Beasley: ON SECOND THOUGHT, I—I DON'T THINK I'LL TAKE UP MISSIONARY WORK IN THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS, AFTER ALL.

Faith and Works

ANNIE LAURIE (*whose birthday is fast approaching*): Mother, I am praying to God to send roller skates for my birthday, so you had better start saving the money to buy them.

Contour

PARIS hairdressers, we read, are discarding the wave for the swirl, and all lovers of the beautiful will hope that this is not the kind of a swirl that men forget.

It Was Fairly Terrible

FIRE! Fire! Fire!

People were yelling "fire" because there was a fire.

A big house was on fire and if something wasn't done it would be a mistake, a serious mistake.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Every one knows that's how the fire wagon sounds, even if it doesn't.

Honk! Honk! Honk!

That was the autos of excited spectators coming to the fire.

Step! Step! Step!

That was the people who had to run because their autos were in the shop, or at home, or away from home, or somewhere.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Gee whiz! The fire wagon passed right by the burning house and now it's turning the corner.

Here it comes again.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Gee whiz! There it goes. Passed by the house again.

Here they come around the block.

They are slowing down. Hot dog, they stop!

"Guess we'll have to take a chance, Bill," yells one fireman.

"All right, Henry. But I am warning you," yells Bill.

Here comes a policeman.

"Hey," says the policeman. "You can't park there."

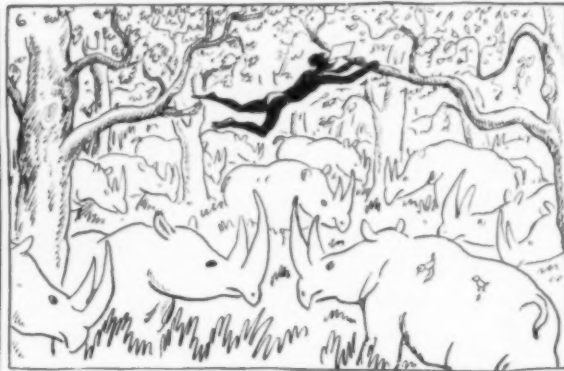
"And why not, officer?" questions the fireman named Henry.

"Don't you see that fire plug?"

So they drive away. So the house burns.

Tom Sims.

SPRING has come and the sheep shearing has begun in Wall Street.



THE EXPLORER'S MAIL—(Concluded on Next Page)

Patriotism in the Canal Zone

SCENE: The deck of a ship passing through the Panama Canal.

CHARACTERS: Two 100% Americans.

"YES, sir—a thing like this makes you stop and think. You can say all you like about your Uncle Sam, but he certainly gets the job done."

"Yes, sir! You take those locks there—Gatun locks, or whatever the hell they call 'em—wonderful engineering feat. Wonderful!"

"Yes, sir—when they let the water in, and the old ship starts to rise, I felt exactly like I was in an elevator. I guess you didn't hear what I said. I hollered, 'Seventeen out!' Ha, ha!"

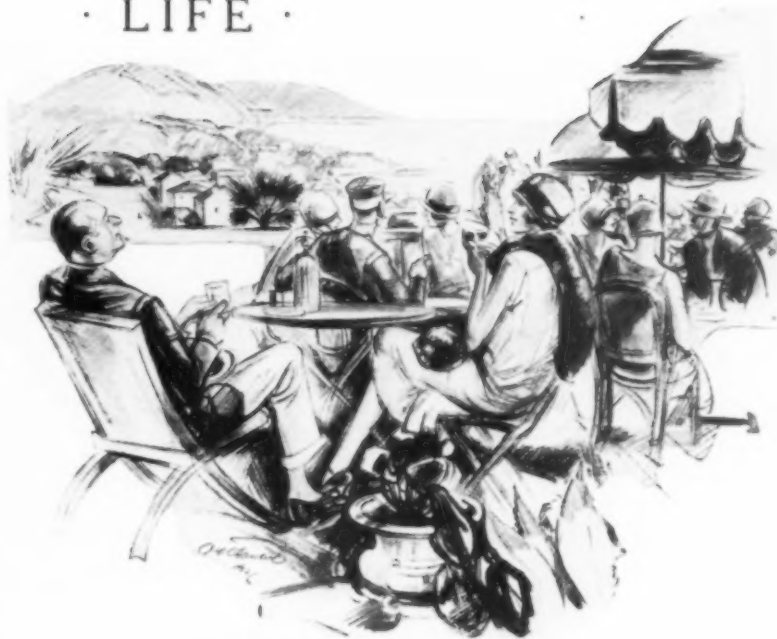
"Yes, sir! Now you take these Frenchmen. They tried to dig this ditch, and what happened? They quit cold. That's what happened—they quit cold! And when old T. R. said, 'Let's get down into Panama and dig that ditch,' those Frenchmen just laughed because they figured if they couldn't dig that ditch, nobody could."

"Yes, sir—I guess those Frogs are laughing out of the other side of their whiskers now, all right, all right. You've got to hand it to old Teddy."

"Yes, sir! There were lots of things about old T. R. that I didn't quite like, but you got to hand it to him—if he started something, he finished it!"

"Yes, sir—and it was no cinch, either. I'm telling you it was no cinch. It took a lot of real Yankee stick-to-itiveness to see this job through."

"Yes, sir! I read once in some magazine or something that a guy locked himself up in a room with mosquitoes so's he could study the yellow fever germ so's he could find a way to make it safe for a white man to live down



BAD PUN IN A SEMI-TROPICAL SETTING

He: THE RIVIERA IS REALLY SHOCKINGLY IMMORAL, ISN'T IT?

She: YES—IT'S NAUGHTY BUT IT'S NICE.

here and the mosquitoes bumped him off, but just the same he licked his problem, and that's how the Panama Canal was built."

"Yes, sir—this sure isn't any country for a white man. It's too damned hot."

"Yes, sir! It sure is hot....Wad'ye say we step inside and shoot a little drink?"

"Yes, sir!" R. E. Sherwood.

Big Game

TO the regions of the Niger

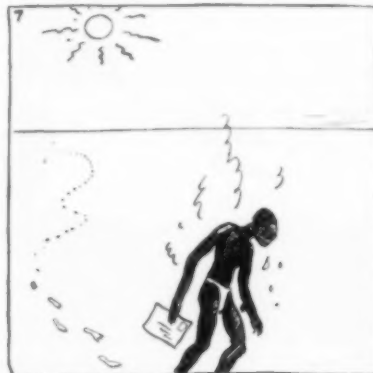
Roosevelt went to bring down tiger, Which he found, we calculate, Easier than in New York State.

No, Judge, I Wasn't Drunk!

"NO, Judge, I wasn't drunk last night! I'd just run down to the cigar store to buy a pipe. There I met a friend and we had a drink—but just one drink, your Honor! All I did then was to stand in front of Mae Murray's apartment and shout: 'Oh, Mae! I smoke a pipe now, too.'"

"Surely, Judge, you can't blame a feller for that!" E. R. S.

SONG of the Spring Camper: "We're tenting to-night on the old damp ground."



THE EXPLORER'S MAIL—(The End)



Mental Hazards—*The High Cost of Golf Balls*

Whirlwinds of Passion

A Tropical Drama of Hurricane Emotions in the South Seas

By Corey Ford

(SCENE: The thatched hut of OLD MAC, a white trader "gone native."* Mac is sprawled in a wicker arm-chair, fanning himself lazily and glancing at the overcast sky through the window. The wilted leaves of the palm trees stir with a faint breeze, and there is a low moaning in the air. MA MA, his native wife, trudges across the room and shuts the door.)

OLD MAC: Reckon we're gonna have another storm. MA MA: Um, we catch um. Werry big blow, look like.

RALPH VANDERBILT (pouring himself a glass of whisky): Ah, what of it? This damned place is getting on my nerves! (He pours himself another glass of whisky.) I came here to forget...

(He pours himself another glass of whisky. Enter WA WA; she sinks sobbing in a corner.)

WA WA (sadly strumming her ukulele): Will sailor-man never come back to pretty Wa Wa? Wa Wa wait...poor little Wa Wa...

OLD MAC (fanning himself stoically): Well, that's life for you in the South Seas.

(The strident tones of a victrola sound from an adjoining room, drowning out the wind. Enter MAGGIE MALLOY, swinging a cheap parasol.)

RALPH VANDERBILT (pouring himself another glass of whisky): Ah, what of it?

OLD MAC (yawning): Well, that's life for you in the South Seas.

(The hurricane approaches; the air is filled with discordant shrieks, the cries of tropical birds and jabbering of monkeys. The moaning in-



MAGGIE: Rain, rain! Always rain! I'm goin' bughouse! Ain't a girl never gonna have a chanct to go straight?

MA MA: Um start to blow heap big wind, mebbe hurricane.

*"Going native" is practiced by many white men in the tropics, who find it is much more comfortable in the hot weather to go without a coat like the savages.

creases; the door opens violently, and the REV. JAMIESON enters, panting.)

REV. JAMIESON (shutting his umbrella): Maggie, I have decided to send you back to the States. You must suffer...to be purified...

MAGGIE (cowering): Not in this storm. Please, sir, some other time...

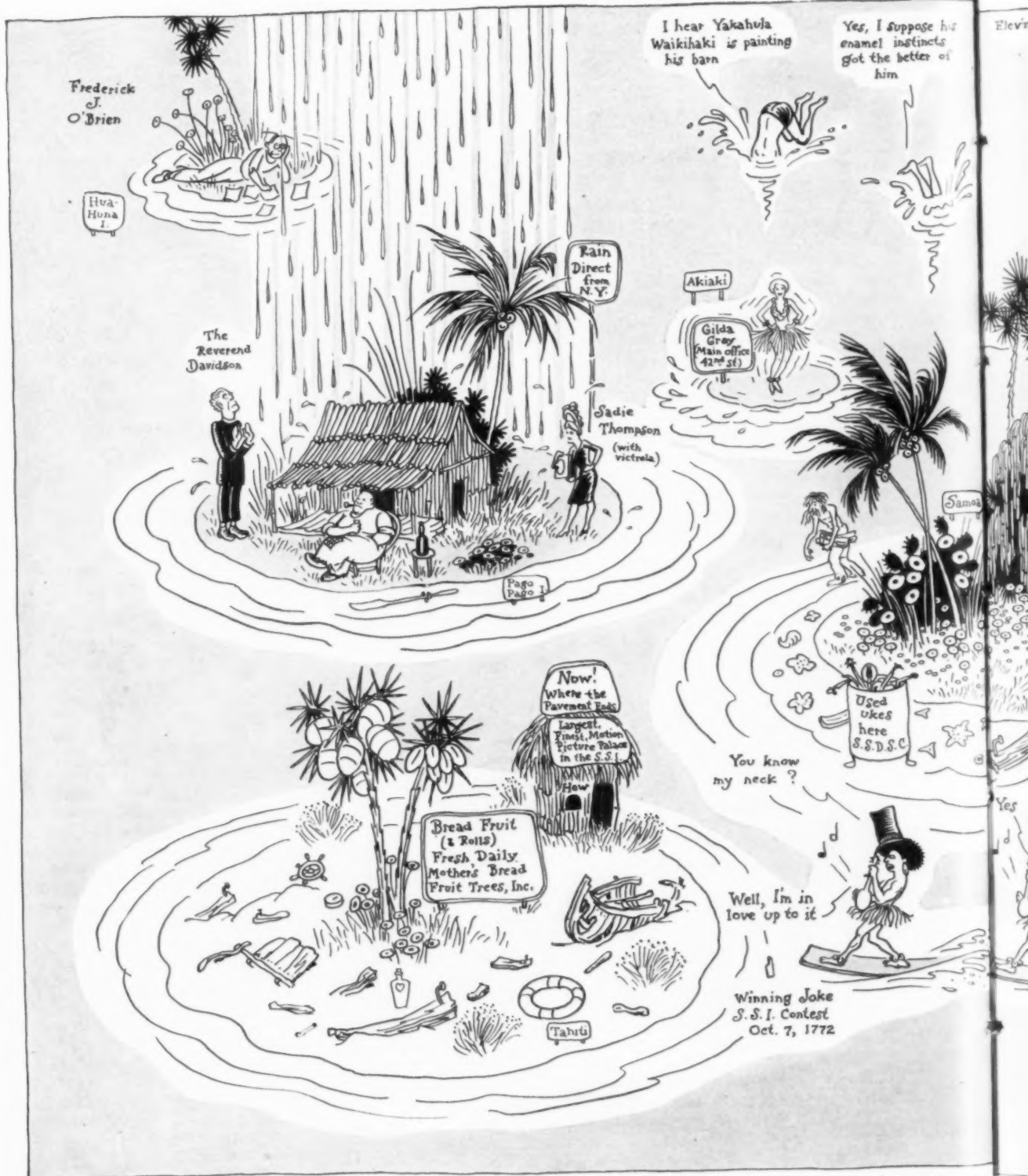
(The window blows in with a crash of glass, sending small sticks and white-hot sand whirling across the stage. TA TA, a seductive native girl, is blown forward into the lap of RALPH.)

TA TA: My pretty white boy. Love his little Ta Ta?

RALPH (pouring himself another glass of whisky): Ah, what of it? I came here to forget...

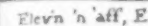
OLD MAC (fanning himself): Well, that's life for you in the South Seas.

WA WA (strumming her ukulele): Will sailor-man never return...will Wa Wa (Continued on page 35)



An Impression of the South Sea Islands

By



Joseph
Conrad

Beatrice
Grimshaw

Aloha, Everybody!
 Or (Acknowledgments
 to Bary)

Sandwich Islands
(Ham, egg, or cheese
on rye, to go out)

Large-billed
flying pentatooch

Nuku-
lailai I.

Robt.
Louis
Stevenson

Ring-tailed —
leaping grinj

Spotted
awk

Horn-rimmed rhinitis

Taputeuca



5 Years
Workingman's
Kava
(Biggest Kava
in the S.S.I.)

Pale Looie and Looie
Kaili's Place

Nukahiva

44-38861-
 HOOVER

By One Who Has Never Been There

THE AMERICANIZATION OF HAWAII



We Have Converted
the Former Hula
Girls Into Type-
writer Pounders—



the Native Chieftains Into 100 Per
Cent. Go-getters—



and the Head-
hunters Into
Cake-eaters—



Perhaps Some Day We Can Teach Them to Play the Ukulele

Useful Definitions for Budding Business Men

GO-GETTER—An obsolete term for one who is *Fast on His Feet*; one who excels at doing unimportant things in an important way.

Pour Light on the Matter—What your cook's cousin's aunt thinks about anything irrelevant to a subject under discussion.

Keen as Mustard—A slight semblance of interest displayed in a routine affair.

Yes-man—An insect that can never forget that its bread is buttered on only one side.

Dictation—Certain noises made during a business morning while your secretary is writing your letters.

Iron Out Difficulties—Standard collection of words used to excuse midday overeating.

Sense of Humor—Ability to laugh loudly at the wrong joke told by the right man.

Putting the Cards Right on the Table—Telling the truth when it seems a wise business move.

My Angle—The opinion held by your chief assistant or your wife on a given subject.

Golf—Originally a game, now a business evil. Never indulged in for fun



THE STATE BIRD OF FLORIDA IN AN APPROPRIATE SETTING

but only "to keep fit," or "to get together with a man."

Brass Tacks—Something you get "down to" but never sit on. The remark that started the argument.

Sterling Patterson.

Reversion to Type

THE time had come when the newspapers no longer printed anything except pictures. Radio devices in homes brought not only music, speeches, bedtime stories and the like, but accompanied them with pictures of the events themselves. A man could sit in his easy chair, tune in on the British Parliament and see the peers debate, as well as hear them. In season he could see the Atlantic City bathing beauty parade. Science indeed had made a wonderful advance. All book publishing companies had gone out of business years before and the magazines only reproduced photographs.

A man who would attract attention nowhere left his modest home and strolled down the street. Immediately a crowd collected and followed him.

"What's up?" asked a stranger.

"That fellow's a curiosity," explained one of the residents of the place. "He's the only man in this part of the country who can read." *Tom S. Elrod.*

Front!

KING OF ITALY: Anything else, sir?

BENITO: No, you can have the afternoon off. The other boy will be here in a minute now.



Young Woman: ISN'T IT WONDERFUL HOW QUICKLY THE SAVAGES LEARN TO IMITATE US?



MARCH 25, 1926

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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FOR once some credit has been allotted where it belongs. In the introduction to "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House" it is set forth, not by a passing reference, but to the length of half a page, that there would not have been such a book if Colonel House's secretary, Miss Frances B. Denton, had not gathered and filed the material for it as it came in. Almost every evening during the period of his high political activities, Colonel House told the story of his day's work to Miss Denton, who took it down as it came from him. That made a diary that is the backbone of the present book and doubtless of others yet to come, and of this one it can be said that though Colonel House was the Houdini who did the tricks, and Professor Seymour was the stage master who arranged the exhibition, the libretto, the record, was the work of Miss Denton. She it was who made the book possible, and another lady made it lopsided, to wit, Mrs. Wilson, by keeping out of it her husband's letters to Colonel House.

To the reviewers, Miss Denton's book has been a highly enjoyable offering. They have lined up in platoons to fire at it. A good time seems to have been had by every one who has plugged at this book. Some of them have praised it; some cursed it out. The diversity of impressions that it has made has been amusing. The *Times* in an editorial applauded the Colonel's courage and self-abnegation in being willing that such a picture as he has made of himself should be offered to the world, but in the *Times* Book Review the article by Mr. Bainbridge

Colby reflected quite a different impression. Mr. Stuart Sherman, chief book butcher for the *Herald Tribune*, admitted in effect that the book had got him off his base. When he recovered his balance sufficiently he plugged at it very heartily. What he said does not matter because, though a delightful writer, his line is not politics.

The London notices have been interesting. Among them that of Mr. Garvin is unique in that it points out that Colonel House is not yet dead, but "wiser than ever, may count again as adviser if not as envoy when America takes up in earnest, as at last she will, the world question of disarmament."

On the whole that is the most interesting comment on the House disclosures—that the Colonel still lives and is not yet beaten.



BISHOP MANNING deplores divorce and feels that we are much over-supplied with it. He deplores the example set by people of high social position "who have had every advantage of education and whose influence should count for higher things," but does not, for they go out and get divorced as readily as any one else.

"Every advantage of education" includes most conspicuously good parents happily married. Not an exceptionally large proportion of the children of those who, as Dr. Manning says, "are regarded as holding high social position" have had that advantage.

Bishop Manning said he thinks the time has come for all churches, Catholic, Protestant and Jewish, to join in

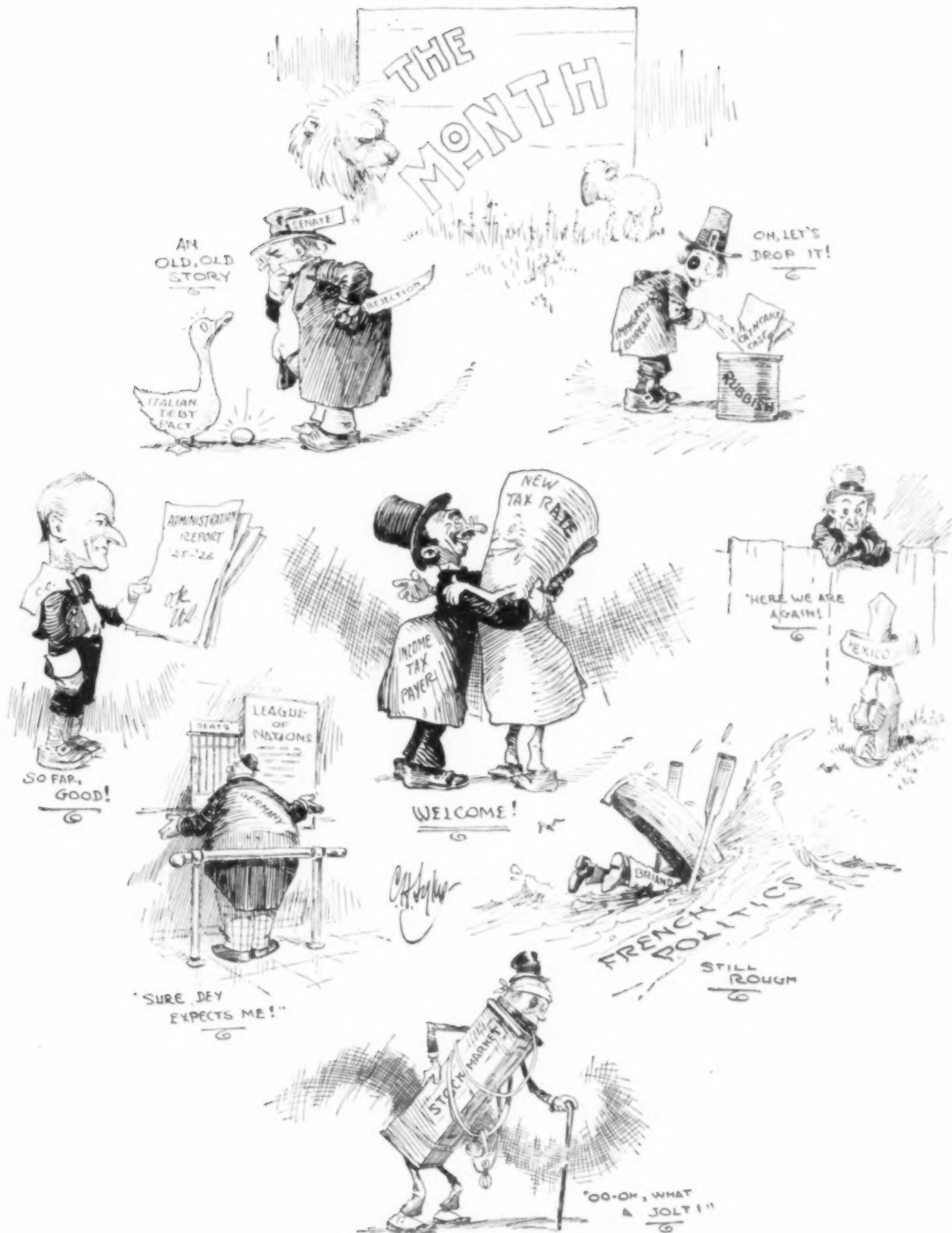
common effort for the preservation of marriage and the home. But what can the churches do about it? They disapprove considerably of divorce as it is. Not any of them encourages it.

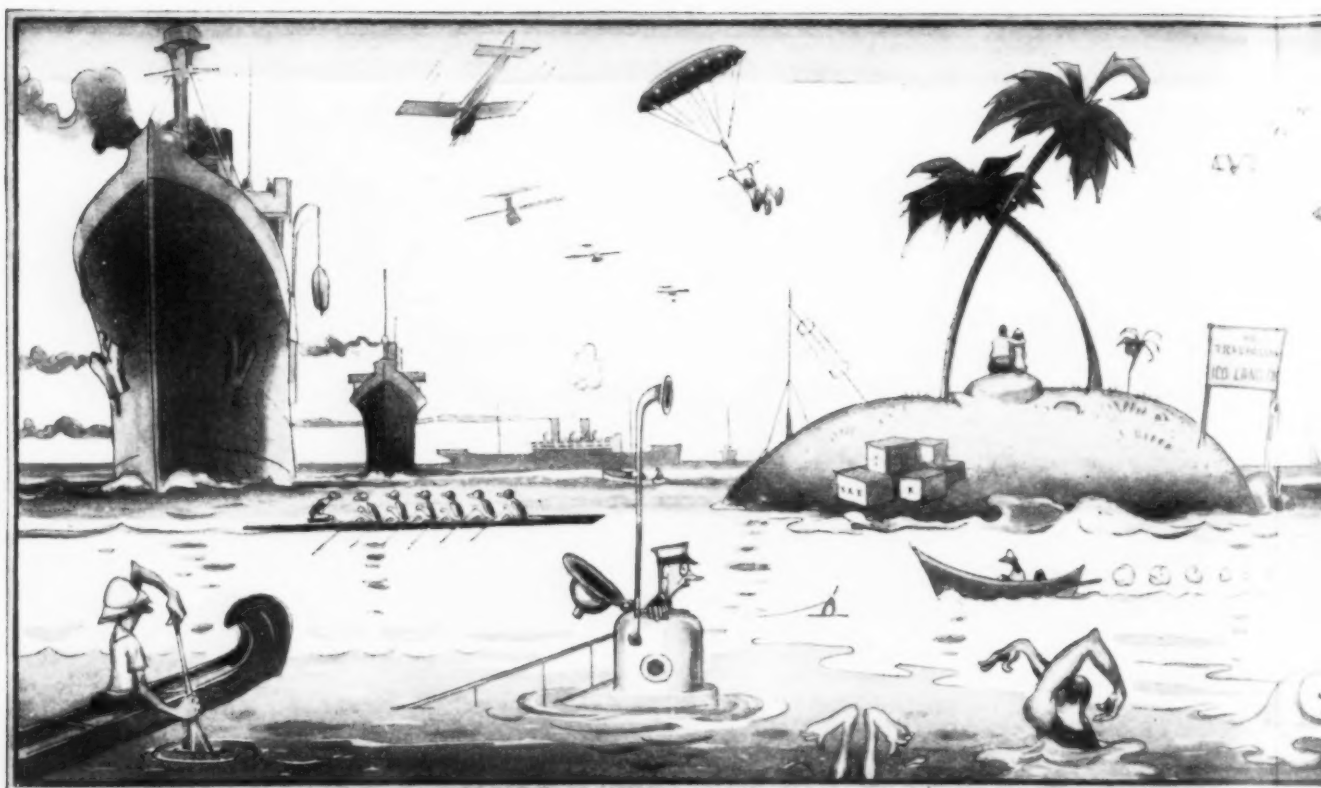
"The wide-open door of the divorce courts is itself," says the Bishop, "the greatest cause of the increase of divorce." Apparently he would make divorce more difficult by law. That might be done, but would it do any good? How much can you do for marriage by compulsion? When the Church was strong and folks suspected that if, in marrying or unmarried, they did not obey the Church they would probably go to Hell, were morals much better than they are now?



THE most hopeful thing about divorce is that it is so unprofitable; that we see people who have turned to it still unsatisfied and going back to it again and again, or quitting it, going out of court and setting up again as remarried people; remarried because the incidents and results of divorce are so costly, so painful, so disreputable and such an intolerable nuisance. So it was the other day in the case of a banker. So it was yesterday in the matter of a chain-store millionaire. One reads of these cases—of people disgusted with divorce turning back to marriage. But how compulsion can help the case one can scarcely see.

It is no secret that the basis of true marriage is character; the bargain is a life for a life. But character is not much made by compulsion. After all training, there must come a large measure of free will to test what has been trained. Laws of men are straitly limited in what they can do. Prohibition does not make for temperance and it seems very doubtful if stricter divorce laws would benefit marriage. That people hell-bent should have the usufruct of the transportation and terminal facilities of their time seems to accord with the general intentions of the Creator in his dealings with man. The cure of divorce, of war, of the rum difficulty, lies in the improvement of character, which is the job we were put into this world to work at. It is a long job, and we need not be discouraged that its accomplishment lacks something still of being perfected. E. S. Martin.





The Last Desert Island

A Wild Time Was Had by All

A Hitherto Unpublished Chapter from Livingstone's "Travels," by Henry William H

UPON inquiring from our boys (says Livingstone) where the wildest of all the tribes might be found, obtained reply that a three days' trek to the north would bring us into the country of the *Shugadaddis*, who were reputed to be, so our boys declared in their quaint idiom, "pretty hot."

Carefully leaving Mrs. Livingstone behind, the male members of our party set forth upon sturdy yellow zebras. In due time we arrived, and an audience was immediately arranged with the chief, one "N'Goomba-goomba," or, to give it its English equivalent, "The Wildcat."

Attired in a silk opera hat and the upper part of evening dress, The Wildcat received us in a small clearing of the jungle. With a suave greeting of "Evenin', whi' folks," he conducted us to a rude table at the edge of the clearing

and, as a mark of distinction, sat down with us. I noticed at the opposite edge of the clearing a group of musicians, equipped with drums, rattles and horns. Over the bells of the horns were hung native male headdresses, not unlike English "bowlers" in appearance, but plenteously smeared with a vivid ochreous earth.

Sensing our possible need for refreshment, The

Wildcat produced a buffalo horn from his tail pocket and placed it on the table. An attendant appeared with coconut shells, in which the chief poured part of the contents of the buffalo horn, and we drank in ceremony. The etiquette, I found, was to remark "Woof!" or "Hot dam!" after each swallow.

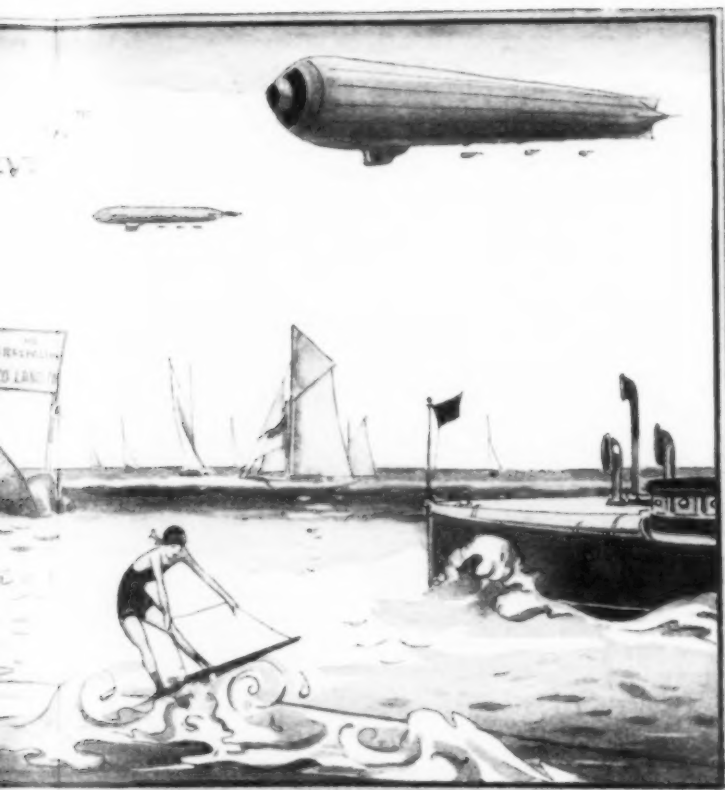
The Wildcat next produced two ivory cubes, or dice, from his garment and indicated that I should cast them. I should like to go into the details of

this dicing ritual, which evoked a rudimentary system involving the presents by the participants, but space to devote to it. During the Wildcat kept up a continuous stream of questions which my interpreter translated as "Ada from Decatur," "Lady sweet papa!" "Baby needs a new hat," "Shoots de six bits," "Read cops de large green money," "Fad is yo' gas enuff!"—doubtless invoking barbarous gods. As much as I had brought with me in the clearing to say nothing of my extra pain and a daguerreotype of Mrs. Livingstone, The Wildcat then "broke out" as he called it, by waving a lordly hand and ordering them to play. The other buffalo horn and indicated pleasure by waving a lordly hand and ordering them to play.

Forthwith the players engaged in a fiendish combination of sounds and movements of young and not-unusually from the jungle. Surrounding

**NOW YOU
TELL ONE**

*"DO your worst, villain," she
screamed, and of course
he did the best he could.*



William Hanemann

which evidently followed a involving the exchange of participants, but I have little

During the ceremony, The continuous stream of ejaculations translated in part tur, "Lady Luck, kiss yo needs a new pair of arm- bits," "Reads de seben and money," "Pade me, Chlorine, doubt's invocations to his s now it be expected, the e entire lot of presents that me in the chief's possession, my extra pair of spectacles of Mrs. Livingstone. The out," as he called it, and indicated his further a badly hand toward the ng them to "spill de jazz." ers engaged upon the most of sounds possible, and a not-uncommonly females ran in surrounding our table, they

broke into a stirring chant accompanied by many graceful movements of the hips, knocking the knees together and swinging first one foot and then the other in a peculiar broken and abandoned rhythm.

The song seemed to be a succession of "assa, asthma bebbi, nassa, domain mebbi, assa, asthma bebbi nahweow!" It was not untuneful.

This continued for some three-quarters of an hour, when, at the end of a rousing finale, the troupe dispersed, the various members mingling with the spectators, who took to dancing in pairs with a most comical decorum.

Thus our reception wore on, the fervor of the participants increasing with the night. As the ceremony continued ever wilder, and as I gathered yet more data of interest and significance,

(Continued on page 32)

Lines

INSPIRED BY WONDERMENT AS TO WHY THE GEORGE ADE HEROINE WHO KNEW THAT COLUMBUS DISCOVERED AMERICA, AND WHAT KIND OF COLD CREAM TO USE, AND LET IT GO AT THAT, HAD ANY NEED OF COSMETICS.

IT is not given to me to know
Why this and that are thus and so.
The fairy of my natal night
Had run a little low on light,
And so I cannot cerebrate
Upon affairs of church and state;
When learned doctors disagree,
It's just a lot of talk to me.
I never know exactly where
The modern novel trends, or care;
In sessions of Stravinsky's stuff,
I find the going rather rough;
The dope upon the foreign debt
Is hieroglyphics to me yet;
What Mr. Einstein tried to do
I leave entirely up to you;
The depths of science, history, art
Are of my life but things apart.
And politics! I pay as much
For stockings, perfumes, shoes and such
No matter how elections go,
So why discuss the con and pro?
Republicans or Democrats,
It's all the same when buying hats....

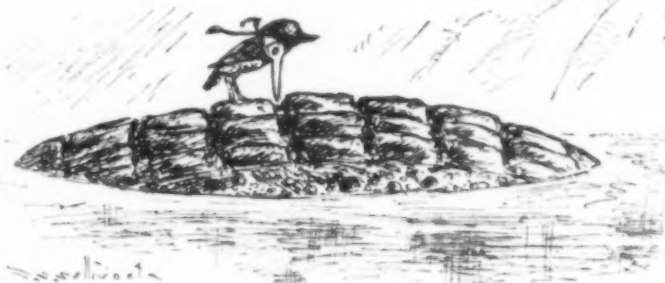
Yes, just one hale and healthy blonde
Whom points at issue are beyond,
I know enough to be a clam
When people ask how old I am—
A great non-thinker has no trace
Of wrinkles on her placid face.

Baird Leonard.

Local Color

SENATOR BULGER:...And the Grand Canyon yawned before me.

PERTLY: How natural you must have felt!



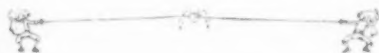
Young Woodpecker: GOSH, WHAT A TOUGH LOG! I'VE WORN AWAY HALF MY BILL AND HAVEN'T EVEN MADE A DENT IN IT.

Mrs. Woodpecker: JOHNNY, GET AWAY FROM THAT CROCODILE BEFORE YOU WAKE HIM UP.



"Cyrano" and Sentiment

WE never feel so kindly toward Mr. Walter Hampden as when he is reviving "Cyrano." His Shakespearean productions are scholarly but we prefer to read our copiously annotated pigskin edition under a good drop-light when we want Shakespeare. His "Cyrano," however, is something which takes our heart (already battered to a pulp) and turns it into the Heart of the World.



OF course, most of the credit for the effect of "Cyrano" is due to M. Rostand. In fact, it is the only play that we can read and thrill to.

We remember (here we go again) in a course called "French 2a," a long time ago, the gradual glow which broke over us as, picking the words out laboriously from the dictionary in the back, we realized that here was something more than a French lesson. It was the first time that we had ever detected anything in an assignment more than a deliberate plot running through all French literature to confuse us with the subjunctive. Here we found, word by word and sentence by sentence, something which pushed its way through the tangle of syntax and the classification of "seventy-five lines beginning at the top of page 162 for Tuesday," and gleamed like gold in a pile of rocks. The emotions of Keats on taking his first look into Chapman's Homer were torpid compared with ours on discovering something that we could feel in a French lesson. We resolved to read "Cyrano" for pleasure just as soon as the summer vacation had come.



WHERE an ordinary play is lucky to have one big moment in its two hours of life, "Cyrano" has at least five. The duel with ballade accompaniment, *Roxane's* kiss, the charge at the end of the fourth act, the conversation between *Cyrano* and *Roxane* in the fifth, and *Cyrano's* last words at the end of the play—any one of these would make an ordinary masterpiece memorable. When you have seen "Cyrano" you might almost stop going to the theatre,

for you have experienced, in one play, most of the thrills which the theatre has to offer.



THERE is one feature of Mr. Hampden's revival which is particularly happy, and that is Brian Hooker's translation. It would hardly seem possible that any one could catch the beauty of this poetic drama sufficiently to make the English even approximate it. And yet the two lines which, in all our experience in the theatre, have moved and still can move us most, Mr. Hooker has translated so simply and truly that we can not decide which is more effective, the French or the English. At the risk of sounding literary, we submit them for your consideration:

"J'aurai tout manqué, même ma mort."

"I have missed everything, even my death."

"Je n'aimais qu'un seul être et je le perds deux fois!"

"I never loved but one man in my life,

And I have lost him—twice."

We find that there are *three* lines, instead of two, to which we confess an unmanly weakness. The third is when *Roxane* has told the dying *Cyrano* that his Friend will have to wait, that she will not let him go until dark, to which he replies:

"Peut-être un peu plus tôt faudra-t-il que je parte."

"Perhaps a little before dark, I must go."

Certainly Mr. Hooker has lost nothing in these comparisons and once or twice we have a feeling that he has gained.



OF course, we have now definitely lined this department up on the side of the sentimentalists, if indeed we did not do it last week. There was a time when we should have been ashamed to do it so brazenly, but after a season of the new symbolic drama, the reaction has set in, and we are unabashed to be found, with *Cyrano*, raising aloft our white plume—such as it is.

Robert Benchley.



Local Color

I AM weary of the bustle,
Of Manhattan's hectic hustle,
Of my neighbors, of my labors,
Of the dismal, daily drone.
Let me sip some sarsaparilla
In a villa near Manila,
Where neurotic, idiotic
Literati are unknown.
Where this shrilly, chilly riot
Gives away to hilly quiet,
For my diet let me try it
Just a while, and be alone,

Where the palm trees' lazy swishes
Croon to fat, phlegmatic fishes,
Or the motion of some ocean
Is a lotion to my soul;
Where I'll be the major-domo
And the local *genus homo*
Will be furtive, unassertive,
And unsocial, on the whole.
Where the wild orang-outang goes—
In forgotten groves of mangoes—
Anywhere but where the gang goes,
Unescorted let me stroll.

But, alas, the torrid regions
Now with literary legions
Are infested, and congested
Are the lava-crested peaks.
From Saskatchewan and Sweden
To the unexploited Eden
Of the tropics, seeking topics,
Flock the literary cliques.
Where the alligator cruises
And sargassum seaweed oozes,
Float the wooers of the Muses,
Writing novels on the creeks.

'Cross Sahara's sun-burned dry lands,
On abandoned South Sea islands,
Free from blizzards, where the lizards,
Unmolested used to roam,
All the silence and seclusion
Now are turmoil and confusion,
As the smiters of typewriters
Through primeval pathways comb.
The "romantic" breathing-spaces
Teem with famous authors' faces,
So I'll find my soul's oasis
In the subway, right at home!

Arthur L. Lippmann.

The Ambitious Linguist

PROFESSOR: Which one of the modern language courses do you wish to study?

STUDENT: Well, sir, I've never been able to talk intelligently to a bridge player.



THE FLOATING POPULATION OF MIAMI

The Value of Regimen

I BELIEVE in taking good care of myself. I believe that health is our most precious possession. I believe that my body is entitled to a square deal. I believe all the advertisements. Every morning I do calisthenics for half an hour, followed by a cold bath and an alcohol rub. I brush my teeth for five minutes by the clock, and massage my scalp for ten. I brush in my shaving lather for the prescribed three minutes, and apply a healing lotion afterwards. I use two sprays and three gargles for protection against colds, pyorrhea, and what-your-severest-critic-won't-tell-you. I take ample time for my breakfast, and indeed for all meals, chewing each mouthful fifty times. Following breakfast I relax for a short period, during which I read the morning paper by a

good light. I always walk the two miles to and from my office.

I let no day pass without outdoor recreation of some kind, skating, skiing, golf, swimming, or tennis, according to the season. My evenings are devoted to mental and social recreation, and especially to keeping up with all the latest discoveries of modern hygienic experts. But under no circumstances do I fail to get nine full hours of sleep.

The remaining hour of each day I devote to business.

Richard L. Greene.

JOSEPH YASSER, a Russian pianist, made his debut in New York the other day. We hope his proud old mother was there to say, "Yasser, that's my baby."



THE GAY NINETIES

A FAMILY LIABILITY IN THE BUXOM NINETIES—THE DAUGHTER WHO IS TOO SLENDER EVER TO BE STYLISH.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

March 1st The morning post very depressing, owing to the arrival of invoices for articles I purchased last month whilst suffering from temporary delusions of grandeur, but a fine letter from Mistress Mary Jordan, who did head the English Department of Smith College when I was a student there, went far to mitigate the gloom. Awaiting my breakfast, I did amuse myself by chanting detached passages of verse, and when I came to

*"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I,"*

Sam, mixing himself a bromide against his revelry at the Smiths' last night, quoth, The outcome of such boasting

would have been disastrous if Roderick Dhu had had a few drinks inside him, and when I did announce that kind hearts were more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood, he did demand to know more than what, so I gave up and fell to the journals, wherein I read of a project to equip the Statue of Liberty with an illuminated wrist watch and was reminded of the Venus of Milo with a clock in her stomach which I once saw at an exhibition. To luncheon at the Colony Restaurant with Lydia Loomis and Nell Gifford, and albeit we had amongst us nought save three meagre portions of sole, two of endive salad, one of Julienne potatoes and two (Continued on page 34)

It Isn't Safe

IN tropic climes, where life is cheap,
A little murder now and then
(Provided the offense was deep)
Is relished by the best of men.

That's why, perhaps, in Celebes,
New Guinea, Mozambique, Peru,
You never hear that nauseous wheeze:
"Well, is it hot enough for you?"

And why, again, no matter what
The sufferings of the day may be,
No one will answer: "It is not
The heat, it's the humidity."

C. B. W. G.

Yes, Yes

"WILLIAMSON can't say 'no' to anybody."

"Why? Has he been working for Cecil B. De Mille?"

IT is now understood that the rack, breaking on the wheel and other features of the Spanish Inquisition were merely the methods taken by mediaeval terpsichoreans to teach their pupils the first movements of the Charleston.



ANOTHER DISSATISFIED CUSTOMER

Florida Sea Lawyer: IT'S AN EXCELLENT LOCATION, SIR. IT WILL MAKE A DANDY HOME FOR MRS. TARPON AND THE KIDDIES.

Florida Tarpon: DO YOU TAKE ME FOR ONE OF THOSE NORTHERN SUCKERS? HALF OF THIS LOT'S ABOVE THE WATER.

The Telephonic Oracle

A YOUNG man was courting a telephone girl. On bended knee, he said: "Will you marry me?"

"WHAT number, plee-us?" she shot back.

"I said, 'Will you marry me?'"

"What number were you calling, plee-us?" she asked again, patting his head.

"I'm trying to get YOUR number, dear," he breathed patiently. "Will you PLEASE marry me?"

"Your party does not answer," she continued evenly.

"Listen, dear," he choked, "will you say yes or no, or must I ask your father?"

"Would you like to speak to the manager's office?" she suggested brightly.

It was too much. Clutching his heart, the young man fainted.

The telephone girl looked at him and shook her head. "Out of order," she sighed; "excuse it, plee-us."

Edmund J. Kiefer.

Staying Put

A LICE: Are you married?

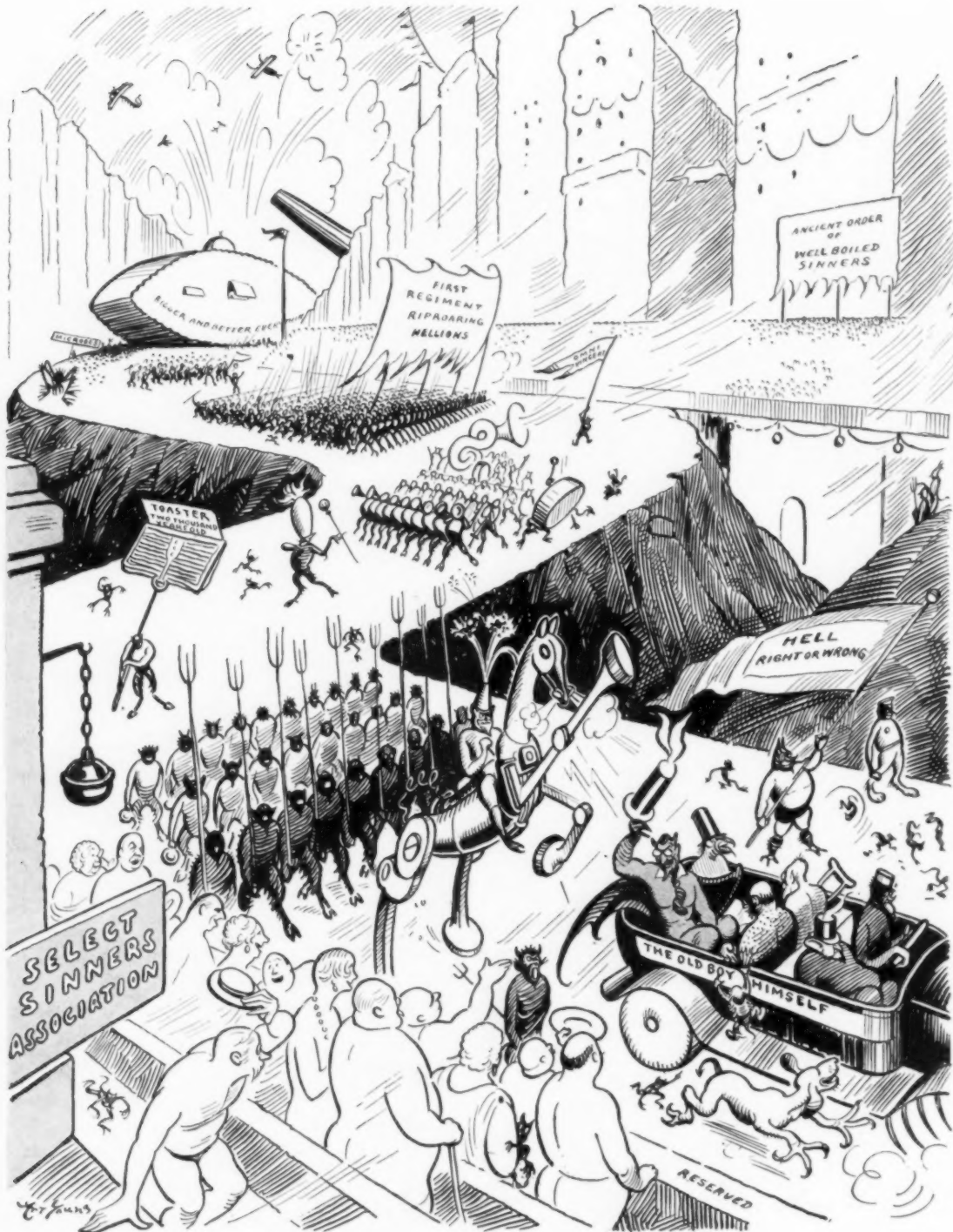
VIRGINIA: Am I? Three judges have refused me a divorce!



BOUDOIR MYSTERY

Dolly: I DON'T SEE WHY MY VANISHING CREAM SHOULD DISAPPEAR.

Molly: IT'S BEHIND THOSE INVISIBLE HAIRNETS.



The Greater Inferno
The Annual "Bigger and Better" Celebration



Greenhorn: AND HOW CAN WE TELL WHEN WE'RE NEAR AN ELEPHANT?
Bored Companion: YOU'LL DETECT A FAINT ODOR OF PEANUTS ON HIS BREATH.

Extraordinarily Much to the Point

IN a recent cigarette advertisement, the indorsement of a maharajah who says, "*Je trouve très bien les cigarettes —*" has been rendered, "I find the — cigarettes extraordinarily good."

It seems that our old and hitherto humble friend "trays beans" has become glorified by advertising license—a license which by contrast is making poetic license appear to have all the latitude of a Methodist Sunday. In advertising language, then, it is permissible to sign correspondence with "extraordinarily truly yours," or to state that "we hope to hear from you extraordinarily soon," or even, "the delayed shipment arrived the extraordinarily next day."

And fancy having your butler reply to the information that dinner is to be delayed half an hour, "Extraordinarily well, sir, I shall so instruct cook!"

At that, it would be extraordinarily and equally intelligent. *H. W. H.*

THE most miserable person in the world is a woman with no troubles to speak of.

Epochal

COLE: What are you doing?

DOLE: Sending an applause card to the telephone company. I got two right numbers last month.

Last Illusion Gone

MR. FYKE: I should like to revisit the scenes of my youth.

MR. DYKE: They're all padlocked by this time.



CIRCUS NEWS

Fat Woman: WHAT'S THE HUBBUB ABOUT OVER THERE?
Clown: THE AFRICAN WILD MAN LOST HIS WRIST WATCH.

The Silent Drama

"The Black Pirate"

THERE is a quality of courage evident in every one of Douglas Fairbanks's pictures—and I don't refer to the mock courage displayed by the characters he portrays in their acrobatic antics, their duels and their desperate, eleventh-reel rescues. It is a form of courage associated with those who are pioneers in some field of endeavor, who are not afraid to blaze fresh trails or to experiment with new and untried tools.

Doug Fairbanks is, and always has been, a progressive force in the movies. Each of his productions has represented a definite departure from the old forms; he has never been content to sit back and say, smugly, "Now I have discovered the formula of success; I'll stick to it," as so many of his brethren in Hollywood have done.

In "The Black Pirate," Mr. Fairbanks has employed the Technicolor process of photography, an extremely daring experiment, in view of past results. With characteristic taste, he has toned down his tints to such an extent that the spectator is almost unconscious of them; he has made no attempt to duplicate the realism of a mirror, but has made his scenes in the form of impressionistic paintings. Thus, "The Black Pirate" stands at the top of all the movies that I have seen in point of rich, glamorous beauty.

IN collaboration with Mr. Fairbanks was his director, Albert Parker, whose imagination and knowledge of the power of a camera have enhanced the value of "The Black Pirate" immeasurably. The arrangement and composition of the scenes is simply extraordinary; furthermore, it is never obvious.

It is the work of artists who know how to reach the brain through the eye.

At this point, I might easily embark on a discussion, "Resolved: That the public's brain is non-existent," but that would take up too much valuable* space. Suffice it to say that the audiences at "The Black Pirate" gasp with wondering approval as each new visual thrill is revealed.

THE dramatic values in "The Black Pirate" are subservient to the pictures themselves. Messrs. Fairbanks and Parker seem to have realized this, and they have kept their story down to the essentials; the picture is much shorter than most of Mr. Fairbank's previous efforts.



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
IN "THE BLACK PIRATE"

The plot, such as it is, tells of a young Spanish nobleman whose father is killed by pirates. He then enlists under the Jolly

Roger, aids the buccaneers in their nefarious activi-

ties and ultimately delivers them into the hands of the law. That is all; but it is enough.

Supporting the muscular but still slim Douglas are Billie Dove, beautiful but unimportant, and the villains of "Robin Hood" and "Don Q"—Sam De Grasse and Donald Crisp. The pirate crew is composed of all the unemployed boxers and wrestlers in the United States, and a terrible-looking outfit they are, with battered faces, and muscles bulging under the habiliments of desperadoes.

The sub-titles, he it said, are absolutely flawless in style, and are further distinguished by their commendable scarcity.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: To whom?

I HOPE that every one will seize the opportunity to see "The Black Pirate" before its marvelous beauties have been blurred by constant association with projection machines.

Other "Attractions"

THERE is also some color photography in Colleen Moore's latest masterpiece, "Irene"—the color being employed, doubtless, to distinguish it from "Sally," of which, in all other respects, it is an absolute reprint.

In "Irene" Miss Moore appears as a mannequin...and by the way, mannequins are now threatening to surpass Rising Young District Attorneys and Royal Northwest Mounted Policemen as the most thoroughly commonplace lay figures of filmdom.

Miss Moore is a good actress, and it is this type of picture that earns for her the greatest amount of popularity and money. But I can't help wishing that she would do something just a shade more legitimate.

"THE CAVE MAN" establishes Lewis Milestone as a first-rate director of intelligent comedy. He is a disciple of the Chaplin-Lubitsch-Murnau-St. Clair School, and a promising one at that.

Here he recounts, in expressive pictures, the story of a bored society girl who introduces a coal heaver into the select circle of her friends. It is a consistently amusing farce, well played by Marie Prevost and Matt Moore.

"THE TORRENT" is another adaptation from the flowing pen of Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, and is chiefly important in that it represents an advanced effort by the rising Monta Bell, and introduces to American audiences an extremely interesting Swedish actress named Greta Garbo.

It is fairly violent in its emotions, but the potential hamness is averted by Mr. Bell's delicate touches and Miss Garbo's heroic restraint.

R. E. Sherwood.



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Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*



The First Stone

Perhaps the meanest thing we ever heard one neighbor woman say about another was this, which we happened to hear yesterday: "She couldn't get through Ellis Island."

—Ohio State Journal.

Overheard

"The trouble with you, John, is that you have an inferiority complex. But cheer up! it indicates that you have a fine sense of values, anyway."

—Boston Transcript.

"He's the most distinguished citizen of Florida."

"Oh! Is he the one who sleeps in a regular bed?"—Buffalo Express.

"Secondhand cash required required, any condition."—Adv. in a provincial paper.

SAME here.—Humorist (London).

If horses were wishes, princes might ride.—Arkansas Gazette.

"WHAT MAKES YOU IMAGINE THAT HE WANTS TO MARRY YOU?"
"HE'S BORROWING MONEY FROM PAPA, AND THINKS MOTHER IS RIDICULOUS."

—Parisiana.

No man is a hero to his wallet, either.
—Toronto Telegram.

Power

My dog comes up all waggy when I call him,
He gets my cap and stick, he lets me maul him;
And children sometimes act the way I tell them,
Although it's patent that I can't compel them.
The telephone's compliances amaze me;
I wave my hand—the speeding car obeys me;
And mighty editors—the saints befriend them!—
Quite often take and print the things I send them.
So many do my will! Ah, if they knew
How constantly I marvel why they do!
—Arthur Guiterman, in Chicago News.

Reaction

The world seems so large after you leave the little hall that you begin to doubt whether your organization will be able to reform it.

—Milwaukee Journal.

"Yes, madam," said the College President reassuringly to the anxious mother, "we guarantee satisfaction or return the boy."—Harvard Lampoon.

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the most exquisite in the world.
Created to give women rouges of the same
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in tones which harmonize with the COTY
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A better way to relieve your digestive distress!

TOO MUCH acid in your stomach—"hyper-acidity"—is the thing that brings about digestive distress.

You can relieve that condition with soda bicarbonate or preparations containing it. But there's one objection to alkalies of this class.

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You could eat any number of them, and the excess would only pass harmlessly out of your system. Your stomach remains "in neutral," and nature quickly restores the slight balance of acidity so essential to good digestion.

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Your druggist has them in handy pocket tins of 15 tablets for 20c, also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you wish to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.

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Without charge or obligation on my part,
send me your special introductory packet of 6
Gastrogen Tablets.

Name _____

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Two Favorites

In a collection of the worst poetry that has ever been written, we find this by J. Gordon Coogler, who deplores the low state of letters in the Southland:

"Alas! for the South, her books have grown fewer,
She never was much given to literature."

This suggests to the *Churchman* Andrew Lang's favorite, a pathetic lament on a sick gypsy woman taken to the hospital:

"There we leave her, there we leave her,
Far from where her swarthy kindred roam,

In the Scarlet Fever, Scarlet Fever,
Scarlet Fever Convalescent Home."

—*Christian Register*.

So This Is Marriage!

The sporting young gentleman had just contrived a proposal to the lady of his heart.

"Of course," replied the girl, "it must be definitely understood that I could not marry a man who plays cards, drinks, smokes, stays out late or goes to clubs. All the same," she added graciously, "I should like him to enjoy himself."

"Oh, yes," groaned the miserable male, "where...?"

—*Sporting and Dramatic News*.

Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters, a good tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Where the Mid-West Begins

An interesting commentary on the social standards of our fair city was furnished recently by a visiting Englishman.

"I say, do you have social climbers here in Detroit?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, there are a few persons in town that might be classified as social climbers," his host answered.

"But, dear old thing, where do they climb to?"—*D. A. C. News*.

Voyaging

Old Mrs. Jones was about to embark on her first airplane ride and, naturally enough, was a bit timid about the adventure. "Now, before we start, young man," she cautioned the pilot, "I want it distinctly understood that we're not to get out of sight of land."

—*American Legion Weekly*.

"AIMS AT HUSBAND, GUN SNAPS"—*Headline*. Greet the modern version of an old tragedy: "Didn't Know Gun Wasn't Loaded."

—*New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

"HAVE you sold your car?"

"No, the company took it back. I couldn't buy it any more."

—*Toronto Telegram*.

MODERN CHILD (saying prayers): O Lord, make me a better girl, 'cos I want to see what it feels like.—*Eve*.



"I can strop a new blade and shave in less time than it takes you to shave without stropping," said Jones.

"What's the catch?" asked Carter.

"No catch at all," replied Jones. "A keen blade will shave in half the time, and it only takes a few seconds to strop a blade keen on Twinplex."

"Very good, old chap, but my blades are keen too. I use a new blade every few days," responded Carter.

"The laugh is on you, my dear fellow. There are millions like you," said Jones. "You go on shaving, day after day, thinking a new blade, just as it comes from the package, will give you the best shave."

"Well! won't it?" asked Carter.

"Not by a long shot. If you'll get a Twinplex, and strop your blade just before you use it, you'll get a new idea about shaving comfort and speed," rejoined Jones.

Carter did get a Twinplex and now he gets glorious shaves every day. And he doesn't often have to bother to get new blades, for one blade lasts for weeks of velvety shaves. He just loves his Twinplex.

FREE A New Blade TWINPLEXED

Name your razor and we will send you free a new blade stropped on Twinplex. We would just like to show you what Twinplex will do to a new blade.

For 15 years Twinplex Stropplers have been sold at leading stores all over the world. They're guaranteed for 10 years. You can buy one on approval if you like. Ask your dealer for one. Single Edge \$3.00. Double Edge \$3.50 and \$5.00.

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Twinplex Stroppler

FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES



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FAMOUS FEET

..how they're kept
free from corns



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EVELYN LAW'S Famous Dancing Feet

... "A corn is hardly a luxury for anybody. . . . But for a dancer it is agony. . . . It puts a 'Spanish Inquisition' in her shoe.

"When I notice any suggestion of callus on the toe, I immediately apply a Blue-jay plaster. So that's why I never have a corn." So writes graceful and beautiful Evelyn Law, famous Ziegfeld dancer.

Small wonder that legions of eminent dancers, screen stars and athletes consider good old Blue-jay part of their "working kit!" For over 26 years it has been vanquishing corns to the tune of tens of millions annually. . . . Blue-jay keeps fit the feet of the famous and the foresighted. . . . Sold at all drug stores.

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE
WAY TO END A CORN

Among the New Books

The Black Flemings. By Kathleen Norris (*Doubleday, Page*). The life and love, if not letters, of beautiful Gay, the last daughter of the house of *Fleming*. One of those stories in which the legacy of a progenitor affects the destinies of all hands.

The Whole Story. By Elizabeth Bibesco (*Putnam*). Short stories in the modern manner, some of which you see and some of which you do not.

Show Business. By Thyra Samter Winslow (*Knopf*). A novel about a chorus girl by a writer whose output is entirely too slender to suit me. To be reviewed later.

The Lone Swallows. By Henry Williamson (*Dutton*). Pen pictures of birds, small wild animals, trees, clouds and flowers inspired by the beauty of the Devonshire open.

Representative Plays. By J. M. Barrie (*Scribner*). The text of "Quality Street," "The Admirable Crichton," "What Every Woman Knows," "The Twelve Pound Look," "Dear Brutus," and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." With an introduction by William Lyon Phelps.

The Blind Goddess. By Arthur Train (*Scribner*). A romance in which criminal justice is dramatized by one who knows a good deal about it.

Topper. By Thorne Smith (*McBride*). One of those improbable adventure stories peopled with amazing and ridiculous characters.

The Conquest of the Philippines by the United States. By Moorfield Storey and Marcial P. Lichauco (*Putnam*). After all, every one should do a little light reading.

The Chip and the Block. By E. M. Delafield (*Harper*). A novel about one of those trying English men of letters written against the background of his family by one of the most interesting contributors to contemporary fiction. To be reviewed later.

Dollars Only. By Edward W. Bok (*Scribner*). Chapters by one of the world's leading go-getters, dedicated to the theme that money isn't everything.

Clara Barron. By Harvey O'Higgins (*Harper*). The story of a young woman who cut loose from uncongenial surroundings and came to New York to make something of herself. To be reviewed later.

Ochiltree Walls. By W. Irvine Cummings (*McBride*). A story of Portland and the Maine woods, in which, according to the jacket, every man will find something of himself and every woman something of that which she fears in all men. B. L.

A Wild Time Was Had by All

(Continued from page 19)

a sudden and unfortunate cry of "de bulls, de bulls" arose. I understand this meant that a herd of wild elephants were in the vicinity and it was well to flee for safety, which we did...

The following afternoon, feeling it my duty to continue my explorations, I summoned my interpreter and suggested that another meeting be arranged with N'Goomba-goomba. Oddly enough, the interpreter became ill at ease at once, making evasive replies to the effect that the chief was now "in de hoozegow" (a type of religious retreat) and I had best return to camp as fast as I could, or I, too, would be "making little ones out of big ones"—whatever that meant. Consequently, as I felt I could aid the savages little enough in the circumstances—my pocket Bible having inadvertently changed hands during the dicing ceremony—I turned my reluctant steps back.

Then, too, Mrs. Livingstone, growing anxious over my absence, might well have been conducting useless and painful inquiries.



When the finest cost
but a quarter for twenty—

"Why not
Smoke the
Finest?"



25¢ FOR TWENTY

TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE



The World at Your Feet

A delightful sensation—but rare.

We can't all be Congressmen, or Amundsens, or Mussolinis, or Marion Talleys. But there is a delicious sense of having arrived, made good, rung the bell, and otherwise qualified as an exalted member of the Human Race when you enroll as a regular reader of

L i f e

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Please send me LIFE for ten weeks, for which I enclose One Dollar (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40)

(107)

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With an Elco Motor Boat you can cruise over cool blue waters—far away from crowds, telephones and business cares. And you'll enjoy it as you have never enjoyed a sport before.

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P. S. For more about Raleigh, see Chambers Encyclopedia, Vol. VIII, P. 568.

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Most people everywhere keep slender in these days. Wherever you look, the great majority of men and women are combating fat.

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Users have told others, until people are taking 100,000 Marmola tablets daily. The treatment has come into world-wide use.

No abnormal exercise, no starvation diet. Just a pleasant tablet. No secrets. We state every ingredient and tell how Marmola acts. You know exactly why and how reduction comes.

Then why remain over-fat? Every idea of beauty and efficiency forbids. When so many people keep slender so easily, why not find out how? You owe that to yourself.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. Send this coupon for our latest book, a 25-ct. sample free and our guarantee. Clip it now.

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DETROIT, MICH.

Mail for
25c Sample
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Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 22)

small coffees, the reckoning was eleven dollars and fifteen cents, without the waiter's fee, which I did deem outrageous, but paid as cheerfully as though I were obliged by the terms of a will to rid myself casually of a million dollars before Easter. After all, there is no statute requiring New Yorkers to eat so many meals a month in that restaurant, albeit such an inference might be drawn from the difficulty at times of getting seated in it.... Marge Boothby to dinner, and during the meal my waitress did manage to confide that it was the birthday of Katie, our cook, whereupon a great to-do of assembling presents for her, and to them I did add a bottle of perfume made by a Prince Matchabelli which some one had sent me, causing Marge to inquire what Katie's reaction might be did she twig herself in possession of some scent concocted by a Prince, but methinks it would be more interesting to know what the Prince's might be upon learning I had given it to her.

March
2nd

Lay late, pondering the number of courtesy calls I must make, and with some misgivings as to the wisdom of bothering about them at all, forasmuch as manners and customs have altered so greatly in recent years. Time was when a woman could almost be ostracized if she did not leave cards within two weeks after being formally entertained, but Lord! now hostesses are afraid she will do so. To a great luncheon of my sex at Edith Emery's, where there was much talk of Lily Dunham, the enamoured bride, and they did tell me that she has the I-hate-to-go-above-you complex so strongly in regard to her spouse that she has been suspected, when playing against him at bridge, of throwing the game to his advantage, but I take no stock in such scandal, preferring to imagine that it is more difficult for a person in love to keep track of the trumps than for one who is in full possession of his wits. I did hear, too, of a Mistress Deming, who, about to go under the knife for a serious operation, did stay the anesthetician's hand to ask him to enjoin her husband to send back to the shop the lingerie which she had purchased on approval. ...Then to cards, gaining seventeen dollars, and walking home along the Avenue I did bethink me that we were having corned beef and cabbage for dinner and how fond of it is Marie Doro, the playactress, so did stop and pick her up, and Sam made a party of the occasion by insisting on ripe olives, some champagne and a lace tablecloth. ...This night my scales did register a loss of five pounds, for which I thank God.

Baird Leonard.

Science proves the danger of bleeding gums



Forhan's
FOR
THE
GUMS

COAST defense protects the life of a nation, gum defense the life of a tooth. On the gum line danger lies. If it shrinks through Pyorrhea decay strikes into the heart of the tooth.

Beware of gum tenderness that warns of Pyorrhea. Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea—many under forty also. Loosening teeth indicate Pyorrhea. Bleeding gums, too. Remember—these inflamed, bleeding gums act as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. As it hardens the gums the teeth become firmer.

Brush your teeth with Forhan's. It cleans the teeth scientifically—keeps them white and clean.

If gum shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
FORHAN CO.
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Fairy Tales in the Tropics

A NEW South Sea Island "as yet unknown to tourists."

No tipping!

Native dances, guaranteed genuine.

No tipping!!

One set price for forfeited goods in pawn shops run by the native government.

No tipping!!!

"This guide is very truthful, you can rely upon him."

No tipping!!!!

Real beer.

No tipping!!!!!

Genuine American ice cream soda.

No t... Here, take the whole damned purse!

S. Thompson.

Avoid Imitations



**Safe
Milk**

and Food

For INFANTS,
Children, Invalids,
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"As essential as the razor and tooth-brush," says BARTON, the merchant



he means

GLO-CO

LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

It's included in the toilet kits of most successful men—that bottle of Glo-Co Hair Dressing, because they know it keeps the hair neat all day.

No grease. No stickiness either. Glo-Co Hair Dressing is a liquid, not a cream or paste. Acts as a tonic on the scalp, stimulating the roots of the hair to new growth and doing away with dandruff. Your doctor would recommend it.

If you're much troubled with dandruff, have a Glo-Co treatment each week. Apply Glo-Co Hair Dressing to the scalp to soften the scurf, then wash with Glo-Co Shampoo. The cleansing, antiseptic lather of the shampoo removes every trace of dandruff and bacteria.

After the shampoo, comb your hair with Glo-Co Hair Dressing to keep it in place.

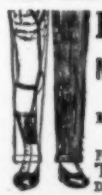
Sold at drug and department stores and barber shops. If your dealer cannot supply Glo-Co Hair Dressing or Shampoo, a full-sized bottle of either will be sent for 30c. Glo-Co Company, Inc., 6511 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles, California.

LIFE'S Own Forecast

THE featured headline in the year 1936 will be:

BIG SHAKEUP
IN DRY FORCE

SWEEPING RESULTS APPARENT SOON,
DECLARES NEW DIRECTOR



BOW LEGS?

Our Garter (pat'd)
Makes Trousers Hang Straight

If Legs Bend In or Out
Self Adjustable
It Holds Sox Up—Shirt Down
Not a "Form" or "Harness"

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Free Booklet—Plain Beveled Envelope
THE T. GARTER CO.
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INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!

Whirlwinds of Passion

(Continued from page 11)

wait always?...Poor Wa Wa....

(Through the open window the tropical hurricane blows a gust of small branches, parrots, and several type-written sheets of paper, wildly followed by the prompter, who picks them up hurriedly and climbs back again.)

REV. JAMIESON (advancing to the door): You must go! You are a bad woman!

MAGGIE (playing her victrola desperately): For God's sake, don't open that door.

(REV. JAMIESON swings open the door defiantly. The sudden current of air sweeps MAGGIE out of the room; the roof lifts with a crash and disappears, dropping TOM TOM at the feet of poor Wa Wa. The air is filled with flying cocoanuts, monkeys and Mrs. JAMIESON, who passes through the room and exits out the door without stopping.)

TOM TOM (breathlessly): Wa Wa no love faithful Tommy Tommy?...

WA WA (strumming her ukulele): Wa Wa wait for sailor-man...

(A section of the wall blows out with a crash, carrying WA WA into the storm. The opposite wall blows in and deposits VERA HUTCHINSON, a New York society girl, before RALPH and TA TA.)

VERA: Ralph! In the arms of another!

OLD MAC (fanning himself): Well, that's life for you in the South Seas.

RALPH (casting aside TA TA, who is swept out backwards through the door): Vera! I can explain everything!

VERA (pointing): Go! I never want to see you again!

(With a crash the hut blows away. The air is a confusion of flying ukuleles, Hawaiian girls, breadfruit trees, stage-hands, and the various characters of the play, who appear and vanish in the successive flashes of lightning.)

RALPH (pouring himself another glass of whisky as he disappears): Ah, what of it?...

(The storm is at its height, and the noise is deafening. The stage is in complete darkness. An occasional bump is audible as one of the flying characters hits the proscenium and glances off again through the wings.

Amid the confusion sounds the faint tinkle of a ukulele, and once the triumphant tones of a strident victrola are heard in the distance. Somewhere there is the clink of a glass as RALPH pours himself another drink of whisky.)

MA MA: Look like everybody go 'way, mebbe hurricane stop.

OLD MAC (fanning himself): Oh, they'll all blow around this way again to-morrow. That's life for you in the South Seas.

The Philosophic Turk

THE Turk, a philosophic man,
Eats countless figs a day;
He downs as many as he can
And puts the rest away.

He goes to sleep and gets some rest
And then next morning, when
He's risen, yawned and washed and dressed,
Eats figs all day again.

Edward Anthony.

"LOOK at that hula dancer writhe!
I wonder what's got into her."
"Maybe there's a snake in the grass."



Turn the crank Larry!

Are you still wearing out the wrist with prehistoric squeezing methods? Are you still spending half the evening in the pantry trying to coax juice out of the recalcitrant orange?

Be your age! Next time you get a rush of amber juice to the eye or ruin a four dollar cravat, sign on the dotted line and blow yourself to a Seald Sweet Juice Extractor.

This efficient device shows no quarter to the mightiest grapefruit or the tiniest orange. Two or three turns of its handy crank and every last drop of juice is evicted.

When you want a lot of orange or grapefruit juice in a hurry, there's nothing that can quite take the place of this extractor.

It does such a clean, fast, thorough job; no home is ever complete without one.

Your thanks are due to the man who discovered that grapefruit juice is a delicious drink and a splendid ingredient. The Seald Sweet Extractor is the result of his cogitations about how to get it.

And remember, there's $\frac{1}{4}$ more juice in Florida Seald Sweet fruit.

The Seald Sweet Extractor gets all the luscious juice from each Seald Sweet orange or grapefruit. Its regular price is \$3.00—postage prepaid. \$3.25 West of the Rockies. We will send it to you for \$1.50 and 36 Seald Sweet wrappers.

Check & mail the coupon



The Florida Citrus Exchange
Tampa, Florida

☐ My check here is for one Seald Sweet Juice Extractor. \$3.00—\$3.25

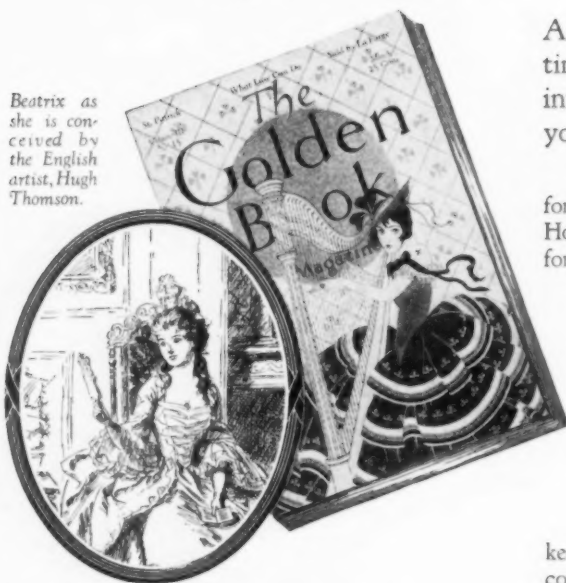
☐ My check here is for one Seald Sweet Juice Extractor. \$1.50 and 36 Seald Sweet wrappers.

Name _____

Address _____

Dangerous Reading

Beatrix as she is conceived by the English artist, Hugh Thomson.



How Would You Enjoy a Lunch with Beatrix Esmond?

Beautiful Beatrix, immortal in fascination, irresistible in mysterious feminine appeal—with a touch of the devil. If she came to your town, would you invite her to lunch, if you had the chance?

Of course you would, and that luncheon would be history in your life, for Beatrix, Thackeray's heroine, is one of the most tantalizing women ever created.

Beatrix is not alone. There are dozens of these exciting women waiting for you.

You feel their presence in the room with you—electric, intoxicating. As if by magic they step out of the pages that hold them, to you. They are as alive as the girl you noticed on the street today. Hundreds of men have fallen in love with them.

You don't seek out the commonplace girl in real life. If women interest and delight you, don't be content with pale, dull heroines who are only imitations of the colorful great ones.

That is the endless pleasure of The Golden Book. There you are always sure of meeting the most wonderful women who ever sent a man's heart pounding. From all countries and all times are the women it would thrill you most to know. Meet them in The Golden Book.

Among the contributors to the April Issue are:

| | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|----------------|
| W. Somerset Maugham | Stacy Aumonier | Lafcadio Hearn |
| Georges Clemenceau | Robert L. Stevenson | Bandelaire |
| Stewart Edward White | James Stephens | Lewis Carroll |
| Joseph C. Lincoln | O. Henry | Thomas Hardy |

Special Offer for Readers with 20th Century Minds

Everyone who loves books that are interesting will see at once the dazzling possibilities of such a magazine.

In order that you may know yourself how stimulating The Golden Book can be, we have decided—for a little while only—to make a special offer to new subscribers. The regular price of The Golden Book is twenty-five cents a copy. We are going to send you two issues at our expense, and this is how. If you act at once we will give you The Golden Book for six months for \$1.00 instead of \$1.50. But—this is only for prompt action.

ONLY ONE PROMPT DOLLAR

ANATOLE FRANCE was a writer unsurpassed in modern times. He says the beginning of education is being interested. You can't learn when you are bored. Hasn't your own experience taught you that?

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